

A new Ballad, declaring the great Treason conspired against the

young King of Scots, and how one *Andrew Browne* an Englishman, which was the Kings Chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Greenesleeues.

Felous God what a grieve is this,
that Princes subiects cannot be true:
But still the Deuill hath some of his,
will play their parts whatsoeuer ensue.
Forgetting what a grauous thing,
It is to offend the annoiued Kinge:
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowfull heigh ho.
In Scotland is a bonie Kinge,
as proper a youthe as nede to be:
Well giuen to euery happy thing,
that can be in a Kinge to see.
Yet that vnluckie countrie still,
Hath people giuen to craftie will,
Alas for woe, &c.
On Whitson Eue it so befell,
a Posset was made to giue the Kinge:
Whereof his Ladie Purse hard tell,
and that it was a poysoned thing.
She cryed and called piteouslie:
Now helpe or els the King shall die.
Alas for woe, &c.
One Browne that was an English man,
and hard the Ladies piteous crye:
Out with his sword, and bestrid him than,
out of the doores in haste to flie.
But all the doores were made so fast,
Out of a window he got at last.
Alas for woe, &c.
He met the Bishop coming fast,
hauiug the Posset in his hande:
The sight of Browne made him agast,
who bad him stoutly staie and stand.
With him were two that ranne away,
For feare that Browne would make a fray.
Alas for woe, &c.
The Bishop quoth Browne what hast thou there,
nothing at all my friend sayde he:
But a Posset to make the King good chere,
is it so sayd Browne, that will I see,
first I will haue thy selfe begin,
Before thou gos any further in,
Be it weale or woe it shall be so,
This makes a sorrowfull heigh ho.
The Bishop saide, Browne I do know,
thou art a young man poore and bare:
Liuing on thee I will bestowe,
let me go on take thou no care.
So no quoth Browne I will not be
A Traitor for all Christianitie,
Happe well or woe, it shall not be so,
Drinke now with a sorrowfull heigh ho.
The Bishop dranke, and by and by,
his belly burst and he fell downe:
A full reward for his traytery,
this was a Posset in dede quoth Browne.



He serched the Bishop and found the keyes,
To come to the King when he did please,
Alas for woe, &c.
As soone as the King gat word of this,
he humbly fell vpon his knee:
And prayd God that he did misse,
to tast of that extremity.
For that he did perceau and know,
His Clergie would betray him so:
Alas for woe, &c.
Alas he said vnhappy Realme,
my father and Godfather laine:
My Mother banished & extream,
vnhappy fate and bitter bayne.
And now like Treason wrought for me,
What moze vnhappy Realme can be.
Alas for woe, &c.
The King did call his Purse to his grace,
and gaue her twentie pound a yere:
And trustie Browne to in like case,
he knighted him with gallant gaire.
And gaue him liuinge great,
for dooing such a manly feat:
As he did doe, to the Bishops woe,
which made, &c.
When all this Treason don and past,
tooke not effect of Traytery:
Another Treason at the last,
they sought against his Maestie.
How they might make their Kinge away:
By a priue banket on a daye.
Alas for woe, &c.
Whereat they ment to sell the King,
beyonde the seas it was decreed:
This noble Charles heard of this thing,
and did prevent the same with speed.
For a Letter came, with such a charme,
That they should doe the King no harme:
For further woe, if they did so,
Which made a sorrowfull heigh ho.
The Carle Mourtou, told the Douglas then,
take hede you do not offend the Kinge:
But shew your selues like honest men,
obediently in euery thing.
For his Godmother will not see,
Her noble Child misusde to be.
With any woe, for if it be se:
She will make a sorrowfull heigh ho.
God graunt all subiects, may be true,
in England, Scotland, and euery where:
That no such daunger may ensue,
to put the Prince or state in feare:
That God the highest King may see,
Obedience as it ought to be.
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so,
To auoide the sorrowfull heigh ho.
FINIS. VV. Elderton.